Doctor, it moves me too much,

— leav<

28th. My patent of nobility dates f from Rivoli. My family's is older. Only Joseph can trace its origin; he pretends t from I don't know how many obscure tyi reverses, I was only a Jacobin.

November 18th. What can I do?

(Antommarchi: Exercise!)

Where ? Among the redcoats ? Neve] Hoeing the earth ? Yes, doctor, you are i the earth.

July 26th, 1820. You are very attache you spare nothing to relieve me; but all same as a mother's care. Ah! mamma L

August 10th. Has a man the right to kil if his death injures no one, and if life is a When is life a burden to a man ? Whei only suffering and grief. But as suff< change constantly, there can be no mon: man has the right to kill himself. That only be at death's very door, because c it be proved that life was but a tissue c suffering.

September 18th. Happiness lies in sleep disappear with insomnia.